MINES AND PROSPECTS

Reports of Rich Strikes, New Prospects and General Mining News.

THEY WILL SINK A BIG SHAFT

The Bi-Metallic Extension Company Negotiating for Machinery-Mining News of Deer Lodge County.

E. C. Freyschlag, a banker and promnent merchant of Philipsburg and Granite, and Frank Patten, one of the "Burg's" business men, are in the city, says the Helena Independent. Their mission is to purchase the necessary machinery to This is a pretty large undertaking for a company which has only been organized few weeks. The gentlemen were at Butte looking over machinery, and before purchasing have decided to give Helena a chance to figure against Butte.

The Bi-Metallic Extension comprises already a list of influential men, and men of ample means to undertake an enterprise as important as this promises to prove. They start out with a orking capital of \$50,000, and have 100,000 shares of stock in the treasury. So far none of the treasury stock has been offered for sale, that proving unnecessary. Of 100,000 shares of the capital stock al-ready sold the purchasers have been miners in and around Philipsburg and Granite and business men acquainted

with the ground.

The confidence thus manifested in an undertaking which, at this time, offers no immediate prospect of return, must have something back of it. The company owns the only ground in the greal bonanza belt flot already occupied by the Granite Mountain and Bi-Metallic companies. Their property adjoins the Zeus lode, one of the Bi-Metallic lode, and that company is now sinking a shaft to determine the is now sinking a shaft to determine the extent of the lead. Their present workings are only 1,600 feet from the new company, and the latter are confident that by sinking a shaft 400 feet deep, that by cross-cutting, they will strike the riches new enjoyed by the Bi-Metallic company, and that the stockholders will be rewarded. By the first of November the value of the Zeus lode will be determined and the success of that makes certain the value of the Bi-Metallic extension. The gentlemes connected with this enterprise ings are only 1,600 feet from the new comgentlemen connected with this enterprise are very conservative. They will harbor no misrepresentation. They are in a lono misrepresentation. They are in a lo-cality that precludes any doubt of the existence of the great lode and those who are willing to take chances on the result have, at this time, everything in their own favor. A few months' work will make it known whether Philipsburg is to have any other bonanza minesthan the Granite Mountain and the Bi-Meiallic.

MILLIONS IN SIGHT.

A Great Strike in the Sheridan Mine at

Telluride, Col. DENVER, Col., Oct. 19 .- A Telluride special to the News says: The great Sheridan crosscut reached the vein Wednesday night. Already three feet of ore showing yellow copper, ruby and brittle silver have been cut through and the vein is not yet crossed. There is great rejoicing in Telluride, for the striking of ore at the depth reached means great things for the future prosperity of this place. The cross cut has been running for three years back. It has reached the vein after run-ning 3,700 feet. This cuts the vein at a depth of 900 feet lower than the lowest depth of 900 feet lower than the lowest surface level. As is well known the prosperity of San Miguel county is owing to the great production of the Sheridan vein. Many feared that the cutting of the vein at the depth now reached would fail to prove successful. This fear is now done away with. Great as has been the production of the Sheridan heretofers it will in the pear. miners have been able to find work on this vein, and this force will now be rapidly increased. The tramway connecting the cross-cut with the Sheridan mill at Pandora, is nearly finished. The condition of this will decrease the condition of this will decrease the condition of this will decrease the condition of the condition of this will decrease the condition of this will decrease the condition of this will decrease the condition of the condition of this will decrease the condition of the condition of this will decrease the condition of the con Pandora, is nearly finished. The com-pletion of this will do away with the ne-cessity of packing on burro trains and it will greatly facilitate the handling of the utput. The Sheridan company owns claims, the Mendota, Sheridan and three claims, the Mendota, Sheridan and Smuggler. The first two are working under lease by Nicholas & Fisher, the Smuggler by Tresise & Mansfield. J. H. E. Waters is general manager of the propublich is owned chiefly by Englishmen residents in China. This strike and the recent one in the Gold King are undoubtedly the most important in the history of this county.

The Forest City M. & M. Co. It will be remembered that this com-

organized some few weeks since, with John McMahon president, E. Stackpole secretary, and E. T. McKinstry superintendent. The company was organized to develop and work the Hope and Charity mines, on Dry Cottonwood creek, in the Oro Fino mining district. Shortly after the organization E. T. Me-Kinstry left for Cleveland, Ohio, to place part of the treasury stock. He consumpart of the treasury stock. He consummated a deal by which the company will have money enough to develop the mines in good shape. The company therefore will begin at once to work their properties. A hoist, pump and other necessary machinery have been purchased and will be on the ground by November 1. The lumber for the building is now being delivered on the claims and the construction of the same will begin at once 11 kps; of the same will begin at once. It has not been decided yet which claim will be not been decided yet which claim will be developed now, perhaps both, but the matter will be determined as soon as shelter is provided for the working force, when work will begin. Both claims are the same vein and the developments on each about the same, the shafts being down about 40 feet cach. Both claims become about the same abouting. New present about the same showing .- New

A Promising Placer Mine. L. R. Lothrop, division engineer of the Northern Pacific is in the city, says the ssoulian. He reports work on the Cour d'Alene cut-off proceeding in a very satis-factory manner. Lothrop is also presi-dent of the Northern Pacific, Montana and Idaho Placer Mining company. He says the men at work on the mine are averaging from \$8 to \$12 per day in dust. But little work in the way of washing dust will be done this year, but preparations for the coming season will be made. Already fully \$2,000 has been spent on the property in building sluiceways, etc., and the owners of the property will spend much more before cold weather comes. Every pan-full of dirt taken out so far has given evidence of the richness of the property, which promises to be one of the roperty, which promises to be one of the richest placer mines in Eastern Idaho.

The Oro Fino.

The Oro Fino company, says the Deer Lodge New Northwest, has been running a level in west from the 200-foot shaft, on the Sunday lead, which is now in about four hundred and twenty-five feet, giving a vertical depth of about four hundred On Wednesday a seam of ore was struck in the vein near the end of the for the dinner .- Town Crier.

level which is very fine. A specimen of it was brought down yesterday and was exhibited by Secretary Morgan. This body of ore is about six inches in width and is along the hanging wall. No assay has been made, as none is needed. The ore is a mass of ruby silver and undoubtedly stands among the finest ores ever brought down from the camp, and confirms the belief held all along that the Oro Fino would prove one of the bonanzas of the district. zas of the district.

The Bannack Placers.

The placer mines in the neighborhood of Bannack have made some excellent returns during the season. Of these Messrs. Compton & Dougherty were as fortunate as any, considering the amount invested. They finished a ditch at Kirtly creek, a tributary of Lembi, which puts in crees, a tribulary of Lemni, which puts in about five miles above Salmon City, about September. The two men then put in one month and took out over \$2,000. The property is not extensive enough to war-rant the construction of expensive works, sink a 400-foot double compartment shaft on the Bi-Metallic Extension lode claim. a long season of work at a most gratify-ing profit. Coal Find at Rexburg.

E. Cable and C. Taylor whilst hunting their horses on foot, found a coal mine. They brought specimens to town and exwill go to work on the find as soon as they get ready. Should it prove good it will be nyaluable, as it is near town and a load a day can be made easy. We saw some of the coal and pronounce it good. Every-body is excited over the find.—Rexburg

The Golden Leaf Mining company made a clean up on their placers near Bannack last week, which was beyond all expectations. The result for a short time threatened to start the boom which that steadily producing camp has for so long a time avoided.

SLEEPING ON THE GO.

Why the Lot of a Country Doctor Is Not Exactly a Bed of Daffodils,

From the New York Herald, "Yes," said the doctor, whipping up his horse-it was a sprinter-until the light buggy bounded over the stones of the country road like a freight train on the sleepers. It was night, and the lantern swinging underneath only made the darkness ahead seem more opaque than ever. Yes, the life of a country doctor is what you might eall a pienie in G minor. It is a cake with more spice than plums, for it has more variety to the square inch than any other pursuit that it has ever been my

fortune to encounter.
"I have been riding about this country "I have been riding about this country for 22 years and have what you might call a pretty extensive practice. I attend about everything in two counties from chilblains to childbirth. I am the medical foster father of the present generation anywhere within 20 miles of my home. I have closed the eyes and I trust cased the pains of some thousands of good people. Many of my constituency do not know my name. I am simply "The Doctor" to them. Bad debts? Well, I don't know. I never did keep books. But if I had got a dollar for every professional visit that I have made I would be about eight times richer than I am.

am.

"I am on the go 18 hours out of the 24 and seven days in the week. The rest of my time I have for rest and recreation. But a doctor does not need the sleep of other people! I always keep five horses in the stable and change off several times a day. I am a hard driver. When a horse goes lame or breaks down I put him out to reating. If the break-down is a bad goes tame or breaks down I put farm out to pasture. If the break-down is a bad one I sell the animal and buy a fresh one. Sometimes I drop asleep sitting bolt up-right in my buggy, while my horse brings me to the stable of his own accord. I try to keep awake, because it is not safe to sleep that way, but there are times when I would sleep if I was riding straight into the teeth of hostile artillery. I simply cannot keep awake. Considering that there are three busy coal railroads and a canal within a furlong of my house the canal within a furlong of my house, the luxury of sleeping on the go is extremely hazardous, yet I have ridden for miles on other. I have done it at night, too. Never had a tumble? Oh, yes, I have. Some pretty bad ones. But I am not dead yet, as you see, and on the whole I have had remarkably good luck.

"That lantera between the wheels has sayed me many a journey. People see it

saved me many a journey. People see it coming know that it means the doctor, and run out to intercept me. It isn't every one who can swing a lantern that way. If you were to try to do it without learning the secret of it the lantern would go out

before you had gone ten rods.
"Some day I shall get old and useless and sell out my practice and retire. But 1 fear I will have to be very old and ex-tremely good for nothing. Or else, per-haps, I shall pitch out on my head some night and get my quietus that way. Then there will be a splended chance for some

"But until one or the other contingency arises the young doctors have got to whis-tle for patients in my bailiwick, I tell you. I love my business. It is my wife and child to me. And I propose to re-main monarch of all I survey as long as my eyes can see the horse's flank and my good right hand can hold the reins. There's a strong bit of pride about me if I am only a country doctor, and I am go-ing to do the doctoring of this country side if I have to do it for nothing, because when I don't I know it is being done just

AN UNDERSTANDING REACHED. The Mistress Elected to Stay and the Cook Left,

From the Boston Transcript. A young lady or one of our suburbs, who married recently and went to a Connecticut city to live, reports a remark on the part of a servant girl which is quite epic in that line. The lady, having a large house and being desirous of running it in gook form, called up her cook each day to the dining room, which was on the main floor, the kitchen being in the basement, and there gave her her orders for the meals and other matters connected with the down-stairs work. For a day or two the cook took the orders with a rather had grace, but committed no overt act of floor, the kitchen being in the basement, and there gave her her orders for the meals and other matters connected with the down-stairs work. For a day or two the cook took the orders with a rather bad grace, but committed no overt act of insurrection. But presently, one day after the mistress had finished her orders,

"And now, mum," she said, "I want ye to lishten to what I have to say, an' it's this—that, if ye're go'an' to shtay here, an' ye have ordhers to give me, ye'll have to come down shtairs to the basement, for I'll not be comen', here to a now. for I'll not be comin' up here to ye anny

Before the young mistress could recover her breath after that "If ye're go'an' to shtay," the girl went on: "An' there's another thing I want to

tell ye. I notice that ye have wine on the tebble aich day, but that none of it what-iver gets down shtairs to the kitchen. Now, that's nayther roight nor fair, an' I give ye warnin' that some of that wine must find its way to the kitchen, or I'll be

The mistress had by this time recovered her composure. "You may be lavin' me this afternoon, please!" she said.

Banks-I dined with a millionaire yesterday. Cumso-How did he treat you? Banks-Like a millionaire; he let me pay

How His Majesty Wilson I. Earned His Questionable Title.

SCHEMES TO BEAT HIS WAY

His Royal Highness is Only Twenty Years Old, but the Most Expert Knight of the Road in the Country.

Wilson Becker, alias "Sailor Kid," the egularly elected king of the tramps, has just completed a trip which gives him a perpetual claim on the throne of American vagrancy. In May, the young man, whose proud boast is that he "never done a lick 'o work" in his life, was made the subject of a wager at Boston. His backer bet a large sum that the "Sailor Kid" would travel from the Hub to San Francisco and return in the space of twentyone days without spending a cent for railway fare or food. The feat was accomplished, and the sport who risked his money on the tramp presented him, the other evening, with \$500 of his winnings, says the Baltimore Herald.

His Majesty now offers to venture this sum-the most money he ever had in his life-on the proposition that he can beat his way around the world under the same conditions as those of his transcontinental trip, in 102 days. Meanwhile he basks in the homage of his ragged subjects, who declare that "der king can't be downed by any man wot works der road."

It may be interesting to note how this lad, not yet 20 years old, has solved the problem of living without labor and gained the names by which he is known. He was born in Demarara, British Guiana, and was christened Wilson Becker. At the age of 9 he ran away. Working on the sympathy of sailors by romantic but untruthful tales of woe, he made voyages to Calcutta, Hongkong, Honolulu and

After an absence of 18 months he reached home. But the fever of traveling was in his veins, and he next essayed and journeys throughout the United States with a success that has had no in

In 1887 young Becker, who, because of his nautical experience, was known to the fraternity as "Sailor Kid" attended a big convention of tramps at the Nanticoke Pa., coal breaker. It was decided by this convention to choose a king. The by this convention to choose a king. The convention developed two candidates of about equal strength—Patsy Bolivar and "Sailor Kid." Each was popular and had a large following. After several unsatisfactory ballots, numerous fights and the consumption of oceans of beer, the contradiction of several and the consumption of country to the contradiction of several and the consumption of several and the sev tending factions made a compromise. It was agreed that the crown should grace the brow of the candidate who made the quickest trip from New York to San Francisco and back, via New Orleans. Becker

won with hands down.

While en route he chanced to learn that
Indians were allowed to ride free on Indians were allowed to ride free on trains crossing the western prairies, and while "Patsy" Bollivar "plugged along" slowly in freight cars, the "Sailor Kid," with feathers in his hair, paint on his face and a blanket over his shoulders, sped westward on the platform of a lightning express. This was but one of the many schemes he found available, and as a result he gained the insignia of royalty. It took twenty-six days to make the race for the throne, and on the twenty-eighth his majesty assumed the scepter with the title of Wilson I, and received the submission of his motley gang of subjects. nission of his motley gang of subjects. Organization seems to be the keynote

Organization seems to be the keynote of modern existence, and the tramps are, perhaps, as well organized as any body of peaceable, industrious, sober artisans. They hold yearly conventions and keep up regular communication with each other by means of a sign language unintelligible save to the initiated. These signs indicate where to go, what places to avoid, and the route taken by the maker. They appear cut or chalked on fences, are displayed in paint or pencil along the circumference of water tanks or roundhouses, and disfigure the walls of or roundhouses, and disfigure the walls of

country depots.

It is estimated by King Wilson I that he has 30,000 subjects throughout the United States. He doesn't comprise in this number the honest poor who are looking for employment or the capitalistic gypsies who own horses and wagons and journey from place to place, tinkering broken pots and pans, making sharp trades and devasting hen roosts and melon patches. His lieges are those who "don't have to work" and who would flee a woodpile or a job quicker than they would a pesthouse.

Wilson is king. Short may he live! has 30,000 subjects throughout the nited States. He doesn't comprise in

"CAMPAIGNING WITH CROOK." Davenport Causes Suspension of the Pub lication So Entitled.

New York Dispatch to St. Louis Globe-Demo

"Campaigning with Crook," a volume written by Capt. Charles King, United States army, and published by Harper Bros., only a few months ago, has been called in by the publishers at the demand of Reuben B. Davenport, editor of the Morning News of this city. Mr. Davenport says that certain portions of the book are libelous, and he has notified the publishers that he proposes to take steps to punish the author and publisher. The local newsdealers have suspended the sale of the publication at the request of Harper Bros. The portion that Mr. Davenport declares to be libelous is in the 25th chapter. In this chapter Captain King refers to Editor Davenport, who accompanied General Crook as correspondent of the New York Herald, as one of the most

unhappy wretches on the face of the King says that Davenport first appeared confidential. One night, to pay him off for his inquisitiveness, they nearly fright-ened him to death by preparations of defense and the announcing that the cooing and wooing of an army of wood doves were the death chants of hundreds of squaws, as the warriors were stripping for the combat. Another timethey primed him into writing a long article about a mythical animal, which they told him was the "Comeleque," and which he was led to believe was the offspring of the Rocky mountainels and the Evyntian camel. mountainelk and the Egyptian camel. camel. Davenport was completely frosted, and he never heard the end of the joke. In the battle of Slim Buttes, in the campaign of '70, Davenport is also accused of cow-ardice, and Captain King in his book says he witnessed the battle in a state of ter-

of which can be proven by documentary evidence in my possession. I became aware some months ago that some one connected with the Union had trumped up charges against me, but it appears now from what I Jearn from Parper Bros., that the sketches in question, at least some of them, were printed long ago, although the particular chapter in question, I think, was an afterthought and was written recently.

I think, was an afterthought and was written recently.

"Immediately on hearing of the publication I wrote Harper Bros., after consulting with counsel and finding that I had ample grounds for proceeding in the matter, and demanded that they call the book in and destroy that portion which is libelous, and also that they make a full retraction. I have a letter saying that they nave stopped the sale of it, and there the matter resis at present. I am taking measures for proceeding further. I had trouble with one or two officers in the army, but I propose to pursue the matter to the bitter end. Some of the minor allegations in the chapter are perfectly legations in the chapter are perfectly ridiculous. About them I care nothing. I was present at the three fights in 1876 in which General Crook was engaged. I was which General Crook was engaged. I was the only newspaper correspondent who was present at all three. At the battle of the Rosebud I was with the wing under Colonel Royal, which sustained such heavy losses, and the colonel in his report mentioned me as accompanying him through the entire trouble. The author, you will notice, mentions me as Mr. D. D——, not daring to print my full name. He says I was a desperate coward and goes on in that strain. The fact is that Colonel Mills, who was in command of one portion of the troops, placed me, a of one portion of the troops, placed me, a civilian, in charge of a squad of soldiers after an Indian village had been cap-tured, and while breastworks were being

FAMOUS LOCKS CLIPPED.

Washington Barber Whose Customer Have Been Great Men.

cial Correspondence New York World. A Washington barber talked as his scis sors clashed about my ears. "I worked last year at the Normandie hotel, where Blaine and his family were

stopping," he began, "and I frequently had to cut the silvery locks of the secretary of state. Blaine had his hair cut about every two weeks. He don't care very much as to its looks himself, but his family watch to see that every hair is laid even. I cut his hair in his own rooms, and, as the seissors snipped away, Mrs. Blaine and James G. Blaine away, Mrs. Blaine and James G. Blaine, jr., stood by and gave directions. Blaine himself paid little attention to the job, and I had to go over it again and again. He did not talk at all, and he is far different from some other men I have dealt with. Now, there is old man Bancroft. I have this hat many a time dealt with. Now, there is old man Bancroft. I have cut his hair many a time. He likes his hair long, and he talks while it is being trimmed. I kept Vice-President Hendricks in order when he was alive, shaved him every morning and cut his hair once a month. I have cut Joe McDonald's hair, but he is not very particular. I shaved Abe Lincoln when he came here to be inaugurated. He was a very pleasant talker, and I remember that he had a big bottle of whisky and some glasses on a tray and went into his room. I used to shave Andrew Johnson some-I used to shave Andrew Johnson some times, too, and one of the queerest fellows I ever barbered was old Sam Houston. I ever barbered was old Sam Houston. Houston always shaved himself. He was too nervous to allow any one else to put a razor to his face. I remember I once came within an ace of clipping his ear, and he hopped from the chair, grabbed me by the hand and I thought he was going to kill me. Then he quieted down and asked me to be more careful and took his seat again in the chair. You bet I was careful, too, for Houston was not a man to trifle with. He was one of the queerest dressed men you ever saw. His cont was trifle with. He was one of the queerest dressed men you ever saw. His coat was one of those steel pen affairs with brass buttons, he had a flaming red waisteoat, red vest, one of the old-fashioned high-stock neckties and buff pants. He wore a hat as big an a umbrella, and in the winter he wore a fancy Indian blanket instead of an overcoat. He had a good head of hair, which I attributed largely to his outdoor life.

head of hair, which I attributed largely to his outdoor life.

"Yes," continued the barber, as he snipped away, "I have shingled the head of many a great man. But do you know the biggest men of the country are losing their hair, and I believe the day will come when all brainy men will be bald. Speaker Reed hasn't even fuzz on the top of his head. The skin is as bald as a baby's cheek, and it shines as though it was greased. I once cut the twenty-odd locks which run around Edmund's bare drum head. You have Edmund's bare drum head. You have never seen anything so pretty as his skin. It is a stender and as clear as that of the It is as tender and as clear as that of the finest, fair-complexioned girl you have ever seen, and it looks as though the blood would spurt through it if you touched it with a pin. He never lets any oil be put on his head, but he likes to have his scalp polished with cologne. Breckuridge, of kentucky, has one of the finest heads of hair I have ever seen, and he is a mighty hair I have ever seen, and he is a mighty nice man, too. He gives me a quarter every time I barber him, and he talks all the time he is being trimmed."

THEIR NAME IS D'ESTE. The Royal Family of Great Britain Are Not Guelphs.

From the Chicago News. A correspondent who seems to know what he is talking about writes to the London Times protesting against the vulgar error of supposing that the family name of the present reigning dynasty in Great Britain is Guelph. If the royal family can be said to have a family name that name is d'Este, not Guelph. The last Guelph of the male line was Guelph III. Duke of Carinthia. He died without issue and left the representation of his family to his only sister. Cunegunda, who, in 1940, wedded Azo d'Este, Marquis of Este, From this marriage, in direct male line, descended all the members of the royal and ducal families of Hanover and Brunsand ducal families of Hanover and Bruns-wick, whose correct family name, there-fore, is d'Este. That this is the case is evident from the face that the children of the late Augustus Frederick (Duke of Sus-sex), whose marriage with Lady Augusta Murray was invalidated by the royal mar-riage act of 1772, assumed the surname of d'Este, not Guelph.

There are very many, however, who

There are very many, however, who maintain that when she wedded with the German prince consort Victoria forfeited her maiden family name (whatever it was), and that all her children should be re-garded as members of the family whose name their father bore, this being the custom and law throughout Christendom.

A Race in Piety. From the Pall Mall Gazette.

An Irish priest at Ammergau told the following story of his bishop: His lordship and a chaplain came to see the Passion Play. They would fain have had a room each, but this was not possible the battle of Slim Buttes, in the campaign of '70, Davenport is also accused of cowardice, and Captain King in his book says he witnessed the battle in a state of terror.

Editor Davenport was interviewed this afternoon and asked to state reasons for demanding the withdrawal of the publication. He said: "As I believe, owing to the malice of one or two officers against myself on account of hostile criticism I published against General Crook in 1876, Captain King has printed an atrocious libel against me. He has made statements which are absolutely false, and the falsity They knelt down separately to say their

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